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MOTHER OWL'S RHYMES

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LOS ANGELES

Mother Owl's Rhymes

Not so Goosie as Mother Goose

A little sense
Mixed with a little play,
To wisdom's gate
Will pave the way.

Facts, figures and fancies, woven into attractive verse for the little folks.

By Kate Perkinson Howard

EDITED BY

Della D. Hughes

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by Kate Perkinson Howard
and
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Author's Note

THE idea of sending these rhymes to the hearts of active children, came through conversation with a friend on the subject of strengthening the memory, and realizing that children much more readily accept and retain facts in verse or rhyme than in prose. With children as with plants, each mind assimilates food that corresponds to its development. The faculty of stringing words into rhyme, just as you would string beads, putting in here and there a bright one, then holding up the strand to note the effect, has always been a happy habit of mine, and during these several years of enforced inactivity of the body, my brain has found a safety-valve through this expression.

My earnest desire to come in touch with young inquiring minds is being gratified. To this town nestled on the sands of the grand old Pacific, with its never ceasing ebb and flow of tide, where the music of the breakers is ever bringing thought of other worlds, came an understanding friend, through whose practical ability I have been enabled to reach you.

KATE PERKINSON HOWARD.

Ocean Park, California.

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Introduction

Mother Owl is a wise old bird;
  She said: "Now, what's the use
Of learning all the silly things
  We find in Mother Goose?

Why not teach children things
  Worth while, a rhyme, a fact, a rule,
To store away within the mind
  Before they go to school?

'Twill help them up the rugged path
  Of learning's hill to climb;
For things we learn in childhood
  We remember for all time."

I offer you this little book,
  I hope to please you well,
And if it does, 'twill not offend
  The author, if you tell.

Star Spangled Banner.

In the year eighteen-fourteen
'Mid tumult and strife,
Our National hymn first
Came into life.

Besieged by the British
With fierce shot and shell
Good old Fort McHenry
Stood bravely and well.

An American poet, by a
Strange turn of fate,
Was detained, the result
Of the contest to wait,

On the enemies' warship.
And from where she lay,
He witnessed the battle
That terrible day.

The bombardment kept on;
Through the darkness of night
He could catch but a glimpse
By the rocket's red light,

Of the flag that he loved
As it waved on the shore,
His heart throbs beat time
To the cannon's deep roar.

Thus 'mid thrilling scenes
And in this strange manner
Was written the song
Of the Star Spangled Banner.

In our history Francis Scott Key
Has a part,
For his song is the key
To America's heart.

Robert Fulton.

Way back in eighteen seven,
Robert Fulton, known to fame,
Built the first steamboat,
And called it by his name.

Other men had tried in vain,
By steam to make things go,
But Robert made it practical,
The others were too slow.

Upon the grand old Hudson,
He made his trial trip,
The people cheered him loudly
When they saw his little ship

Steam gaily up the river
From the city of New York,
And skim along the water
As lightly as a cork.

Measurements.

A centipede has one hundred feet,
  A quadruped has four,
A biped has two feet,
  And has no use for more.

"Dorothy, you're joking,
  What was that you said?
If you had but one foot
  You'd be a uniped?"

* * *

Sixty little seconds in every little minute,
Every passing hour has sixty minutes in it.
Twenty-four hours make a night and day,
When you count seven of these
A week has passed away.
Fifty-two weeks, some warmer, some colder,
Then you will find you're one year older.

* * *

Each star upon our bonnie flag,
  For a state doth stand,
The stripes are for the states thirteen,
  First linked in union band.

* * *

Ten years make a decade,
  Twenty years a score,
One hundred years a century,
  No use counting more.

Twelve months in a year,
  My little cousin,
Twelve kisses for you, dear,
  That makes a dozen.

* * *

"Twelve eggs make a dozen," said the setting hen,
"You're right, my lady," chuckled rooster Ben,
"Twelve dozen makes a gross, wish it were but ten."
"If you hatch a gross of chicks, you are right again."

* * *

5280 feet in a single mile—
If you had as many feet,
'Twould make the shoe man smile.

* * *

Sixteen ounces make a pound, that counts one;
If you weigh 2,000 pounds, that counts a ton.

* * *

Twelve inches make one foot,
Three feet in a yard we put,
Five and one-half yards make a rod,
Drive a stake in the sod.
Forty rods a furlong make,
Here you drive another stake.
Eight furlongs make a mile,
Drive a stake and rest a while.

Scotland.

The land of the bagpipe and tartan,
Robert Burns is her national bard,
The emblem of Scotland, the thistle,
So don't press a Scotchman too hard.

Airship.

The ambition of inventors
For many years had been
To prove that they could navigate
The air with a machine.

In nineteen-three, two brothers,
Orville and Wilbur Wright,
Built for themselves an aeroplane,
And in it made a flight.

After years of patient labor
Their failures none could guess,
They waved triumphant from the sky
The banner of success.

Soon other aviators were
Performing startling feats
And thrilling crowds of spectators
At aviation meets.

What yet may be accomplished
Can scarcely be foretold;
Perhaps they'll fly up to the moon,
These aviators bold.

Golden Rule.

The golden rule, dear children,
Is, that you should always do
To other people as you would wish
To have them do to you.

If you obey this simple rule
'Twill keep you free from strife,
And make you happy, bring you
Friends, and brighten all your life.

Don't look in the glass with a frowning face,
Expecting to meet a smile,
For the thoughts we launch on the waves of time,
Float back to us all the while.

Never say, "I can't," my dear,
Rather say, "I'll try."
When success comes down the street
She will not pass you by.

Kind words are just as easy said
As ugly words, and cross;
Love will gain you many friends,
While hate will bring you loss.

The Early Worm.

Grandpa was lecturing William
  Which caused that brave youngster to squirm,
"Remember my boy," he concluded,
  "That the early bird catches the worm."

"Well, grandpa, what of the early worm?
  He was up too before daylight,
And yet the poor fellow was gobbled
  When the early bird hove in sight."

Grandpa was floored for a moment,
  Then struck by an idea bright,
He solemnly said: "Look here, my son,
  That worm had been out all night."

Mamma, dear, stop reading, come with me and look!
  I've found a lot of pussies down beside the brook.
See them hanging on the branch, fuzzy little fellows,
    April fool! Mamma, the're only pussy willows.

365.

Every day is your birthday, dear,
If in your heart some bright hope is born,
If some good deed is done, ere another morn,
You're a better child each day of the year
And every day is your birthday, dear.

Geography.

A desert is a barren land,
  A dreary waste of dry, hot sand,
An oasis is a fertile spot,
  Surrounded by the desert hot.

A cape is just a point of land
  Into the water projecting,
An isthmus, a narrow neck of land
  Two larger bodies connecting.

An island is a piece of land
  With water all around it,
We use an "S" in spelling it,
  Although we never sound it.

Now, I'll tell you something else
  You didn't know a spell ago,
A group of islands in the sea
  Is called an archipelago.

The earth has not been cut in two,
  And yet we often hear,
The eastern half and western half,
  Each called a hemisphere.

The western half, or continent
  Is called the occident;
The eastern half or old world,
  Is called the orient.

The Quaker State.

Pennsylvania was settled,
Do you remember when?
By the Quakers in 1681,
Their leader, William Penn.

He surely was a Yankee,
For he started in to trade,
To give the Red Men a
Fair deal, no enemies he made.

One day he made a trade;
I think he took the Red Men in;
A jug o' 'lasses, for all the land
He could cover with a skin.

He cut the skin in tiny strings,
He joined them in a band,
And when he came to stretch it round,
He had quite a piece of land.

The Indians learned the skin game,
But William got the goods.
Know what Pennsylvania means?
It means Penn's woods.

California

Gold was discovered in 1848,
Two years later, California was a state.
A man named James W. Marshall
Was the first who saw it shine,
The argonauts were the pioneers
Of the days of forty-nine. ,
The yellow poppy is the emblem
Of the Golden State.
You enter San Francisco Bay
By the famous Golden Gate.

Seventeen seventy-six found our country in a fix,
The British so oppressed us with taxation.
Our forefathers thought it best
For their country so distressed,
On July Fourth, to sign the Declaration.
Then Washington took command
Of the army of our land,
Which caused Mother England much vexation,
And the way he spanked John Bull
Put an end to British rule
And sent them helter-skelter from our nation.

An ox is a bovine, so is a cow,
A horse is an equine, he draws the plow,
A cat is a feline, talks with a meow,
A dog is a canine, bow-bow-wow.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Save February, which alone
Has twenty-eight, and one day more
We add to it, one year in four.

—Selected.

Florida is the peninsula state,
  Its name means the land of flowers,
There oranges grow, rare orchids are found
  In the depths of its woodland bowers.

My Flying Machine.

Come, sweetheart, fly with me,
And happy we will be,
To leave behind this old familiar scene.
I am going to learn to fly,
Take a trip up in the sky
In my airy, fairy, flying machine.

We can start now, pretty soon
And go sailing 'round the moon,
As in our airy aeroplane we fly.
Throw a kiss to those we love
From the azure depths above,
And drink nectar from the dipper in the sky.

We will plant the Stripes and Stars
From old Jupiter to Mars
As we whirl around the firmament so gay,
With the brightest star up there
I will decorate your hair,
And take you riding down the Milky Way.

Alaska.

Come take a trip to Alaska!
The land of the ice and the snow,
Of the polar bear and the caribou,
The land of the Eskimo.

Come for a cruise in the Behring Sea,
Where the iceberg serenely floats,
The fur seals sport on its jagged side,
Clad in their seal-skin coats.

Come to the land of romance,
Where shines the midnight sun,
Like an emblem of golden promise
Of the fortunes to be won.

To the mecca of the miner,
Where many millions in gold
Were found by the sturdy pioneers,
And millions yet untold,

In shining golden nuggets,
Are entombed in the frozen ground,
Awaiting the click of the miners' pick,
Just waiting to be found.

Let me take you to ride with my dog team,
I will show you how they can go,
With a yelp and a bark, off for a lark
Over the frozen snow.

Let us spin up the creek where the miner
Digs prospect holes by the score,
And stop for a chat at his cabin,
There is a welcome for us at the door.

Perhaps we may meet a reindeer,
Drawing a sled on the trail,
Or catch a glimpse of the dog team
That brings in the winter mail.

The carrier, mushing on bravely,
Through blizzard and biting cold,
And a letter from home is welcome,
Though the post mark be two months old.

Christmas

Christmas day, dear children,
  Commemorates the birth
Of the wondrous babe of Bethlehem,
  A Savior born to earth.

You all have heard the story
  How the infant Jesus lay
In the manger of a stable
  On a pallet made of hay.

Yet on that joyous morning,
  They heard the angels sing,
The wise men came to worship,
  And hailed him as their king.

And now with glad rejoicing,
  We celebrate his birth
December twenty-fifth, the day
  Our Savior came on earth.

Ting-a-ling, telephone, let me tell,
Was the invention of Graham Bell.
Sends your voice a thousand miles
Just as well as one.
Before we had the telephone
This could not be done.

Luther Burbank

Step into my airship, to break the monotony
I'll take you to call on the wizard of botany.
Luther Burbank first rode into fame,
On a smooth, white potato that still bears his name.

This quaint genius dwells in secluded repose,
In the fair California city, Saint Rose,
There this wizard and juggler, rolled into one,
Has completed much work left by nature undone.

Has wrought wonders in fruit, plant and flower,
In the shady seclusion of his pleasant bower.
But his latest and greatest achievement they say,
Was in taking the thorns from the cactus away,

And making it fit to serve at a feast,
Or furnish nutrition for both man and beast.
He expects to create, if I tell you don't scream,
A plant that produces strawberries and cream.

I know you all have felt
Proud of Teddy Roosevelt;
And the brave rough rider boys
Who fought with Teddy
When they crossed land and sea,
Helped set poor Cuba free,
And for another scrap said they were ready.

Cuba.

On account of the cruelties
Practiced by Spain,
Uncle Sam interfered?
Put an end to her reign.
The war that was waged in 1898
Lasted just a few months
But settled the fate
Of Spanish dominion
In the Antilles,
And Cuba rejoiced
When Spain took to her heels.
Uncle Sam took poor Cuba
Under his wing,
Adjusted her laws,
Rearranged everything.
When to govern herself
The way she could see,
He made good his promise
And Cuba was free.

In the year eighteen ninety-eight upon the first of May
Dewey met the Spanish fleet out in Manila Bay,
What did Dewey do to them? Well, really some folks say,
He ate them up for breakfast out in Manila Bay.

Monroe Doctrine.

The famous Monroe Doctrine
  Was proclaimed by James Monroe,
When he was our country's president,
  Many years ago.

He said if any nation
  Should plainly show intent
To set up a form of government
  Upon our continent,

Such act he would consider
  Sufficient cause for war,
And proceed to give intruders
  What they were looking for.

So Uncle Sam approved it all,
  And posted on a card
A warning to all nations
  "Keep out of my back yard."

The Right Path.

Miss Mollie Quack one morning
Met Johnny Funny-cluck;
He raised his hat politely
And said: "My little Duck,

You're looking sweet and charming,
Hope I find you well!"
"O, dear," she sighed, "I've been so ill,
Let me my troubles tell.

"I've been to all the doctors,
If everything they said
Or half of it were true,
I surely would be dead.

"I first went to an Allopath,
Who gave me nasty drugs,
I nearly lost my appetite,
For pollywogs and bugs.

"I next went to a Homeopath,
Who gave me sugar pills,
Assured me they were harmless
And would banish all my ills.

"An Osteopath then twisted me
Until my back was double;
A Neuropath declared my nerves
The cause of all the trouble.

"He said I needed perfect quiet,
I dare not even quack,
His verdict so insulted me,
I vowed I'd ne'er go back."

"You look so bright this morning,
You've found relief I'm sure;"
"O, yes, I went to a Hydropath
And took the water cure."

The Lighting Bug.

Thomas A. Edison, wonderful man,
Was there e'er such another
Since the world began?

It was a flash of his intellect bright,
That gave to the world the electric light,
Which illumined the earth, turned night into day,
Yet this genius kept on, with no time to play.

His next wonder was the great phonograph.
A machine that can talk, sing, cry or laugh;
Reproduce any sound that falls on the ear;
Still the wizard is working, and from year to year
Comes forth from his brain some wondrous invention
To startle the world and claim its attention.
Long life to you, Thomas; we think an ovation
Is due to you, prince, for your princely donation.

Thought Wings.

Way off in sunny Italy, Marconi was born;
He dreamed a dream one summer night
And told it in the morn.
Perhaps the folks he told it to
Were too polite to laugh.
The wondrous dream Marconi dreamt
Was the wireless telegraph.

And now the ships that sail the sea
Can flash a message far,
And summon help in time of need,
No matter where they are.
And many lives have thus been saved
On danger threatened craft,
All honor to Marconi and wireless telegraph.

Ireland

St. Patrick is the patron saint
Of the little emerald isle.
He banished all the snakes and toads
They tell you with a smile.

They honor good Saint Patrick,
Their love for him is great,
And on the seventeenth of March
His birth they celebrate.

On that day every Irishman
Wears a bran new hat,
And a shamrock on his coat
In honor of St. Pat.

"I know a girl we call Postscript,"
Said Rob as he made for the door.
"Know why we call her so, Daddy?
Her name is Adaline Moore."

Butterfly

Little Ruth and Tommy,
'Neath the apple tree,
Having a tea party,
Happy as can be.

Tea and bread and butter,
Jam and apple pie,
Uninvited to the feast,
Comes a buzzing fly.

Tommy lifts his napkin,
Comes down with a swish,
Fly is fairly landed,
In the butter dish.

"Don't you hurt him, brother,
Cause I tell you why,
Teacher told us never
To kill a butterfly."

"What's an incubator? tell me Uncle Ben."
Well, I should call it a big wooden hen—

Hatches out a hundred chicks, all at once and then,
Does the same thing over, when filled with eggs again.
"I'd hate to be a chick, with such a bunch to call me brother,
And have no one to scratch for me, but a wooden mother."

Chickens Versus Poultry.

When Jack and Betty first were wed
And settled down in life,
He bought a pretty bungalow
For his pretty little wife.

When they were fairly settled
Down in this cozy spot,
Says Betty, "Let's raise poultry,
There's room in our back lot."

"All right," said Jack, "I'm in for it,
You're idea is charming,
I always felt that I could win
Success at poultry farming.

The poultry show is on this week,
Let's take it in and find
What breed of poultry is the best,
And then we'll buy that kind."

That evening found them at the show;
They were in search of knowledge,
For poultry lore was not a part
Of what they learned in college.

There were Leghorns, brown and white,
And big Rhode Island Reds,
Speckled and Golden Polands
With pompons on their heads.

And Plymouth Rocks, both barred and white
To add to their confusion,
Black Spanish and Wyandottes,
And the Blue Andalusian.

Langshans, Buff Orpingtons and
Dainty Bantams small,
Black Minorcas and Buff Cochins
Were ranged around the hall.

White Brahmas, Blue and Indian Game,
Known to the poultry world;
And fanciers talked of pedigrees,
While glibly they unfurled

The virtues of their favorite breed;
Each told them with a zest,
It mattered not what others said,
His surely was the best.

"O dear! they're all so beautiful,"
Said Betty with a sigh,
"I fear we never can decide
The kind we want to buy."

Jack was sorely puzzled too,
Then he said: "O, the Dickens!
Let's build a chicken coop
And buy a bunch of chickens."

Panama Canal.

President Roosevelt you know,
Was made of strenuous stuff;
One day he said to Uncle Sam:
"We've waited long enough

"To build the Panama Canal,
It is our greatest need;
To the wishes of our people,
I think we should give heed.

"It takes a boat at least two months,
To steam around the Horn;
A waste of time and money,
As sure as you are born.

"If we cut across the Isthmus
A canal from strand to strand,
We can send our boats across
What now is fifty miles of land.

"I know to build this great canal
From Atlantic to Pacific,
Will cost a barrel of money,
And prove a task gigantic.

"It will cost three hundred million
To dig this little ditch,
But you have the reputation
You know of being rich."

Said Uncle Sam: "Go build it,
And mind that you don't slight it,
I'll show the world I've money to burn,
And matches too, to light it."

Listen to the telegraph, tick, tick, tick,
Brings a message from afar, click, click, click,
As news from all the world, o'er the wire flashes,
Operator writes it down, all in dots and dashes.
These little dots and dashes make the alphabet,
That's the way in Morse code, messages we get.
Samuel Morse invented this system long ago,
Year of eighteen thirty-five, if you wish to know.

Although Andrew Carnegie has not built a college,
He firmly believes in distributing knowledge,
Just make your wants known and like a good fairie
He will build in your town a handsome library,
Where books are loaned free to the rich or the poor,
And no seeker of knowledge is turned from its door.

Ben Franklin discovered a wonderful power,
A boon to the world it has proved every hour;
When for pastime, a kite he was trying to fly,
An electrical current he brought from the sky;
Very little was known of this power at its birth,
But inventors have made it the marvel of earth.

Memorial Day.

When earth is a bloom with bright flowers,
  On the thirtieth day of May,
We visit the graves of our soldiers,
  Upon them our tribute to lay.

And whether they died in peace time,
  Or fell in the battle's fierce fray,
The soldiers who fought for their country
  Are honored in memory today.

The grand old men of the G. A. R.,
  Those veterans bearded and gray,
Assemble, their comrades to honor,
  On this, our Memorial Day.

There was a little lady,
  Her name was Betsy Ross,
She cut up her silk petticoat,
  It didn't make her cross,
To make the first American Flag.
  All honor to her name!
In the land that loves
  The Stars and Stripes
You hear of Betsy's fame.

Thanksgiving is an American day,
It is only observed by this nation,
The date of its coming is fixed every year
By our President's proclamation.

He bids us assemble in churches and homes
In respect to this holiday fair,
And in recognition of blessings received,
To offer a Thanksgiving prayer.

Our dear ones returning to the old home,
This last Thursday of November,
Receive hearty welcome and jolly good cheer,
And help us our blessings remember.

When America to Europe
A secret wished to tell,
They had to send the news
By boat, which took quite a spell,
Until in 1865 a genius took a notion
That he could run a telegraph
Across the Atlantic Ocean.
And soon his promise he fulfilled,
He proved that he was able.
His name was Cyrus W. Field,
And Cyrus laid the cable.

Mamma called to Louie,
And his steps to quicken
Said: "Come, now help me work,
Help Mamma dress the chicken."
Louie viewed the chickens, looked a bit distressed
"Better dress him quick, Mamma,
Because he's all undressed."

When Clarence first saw Easter eggs,
They happened to be blue,
He took a sudden fancy
To eggs of this strange hue.

Next day he goes to Mamma,
A ball of blueing begs,
He wants to feed it to the hen,
To make her lay blue eggs.

"Marjorie, what's a gosling?
You can tell me maybe."
"Sure I can, Aunt Mabel,
It's a goosie's baby."

A noun is the name of a person or thing,
A verb denotes action, as to walk or to sing,
A pronoun stands in the place of a noun,
An adjective describes, as good, pretty, brown;
An adverb expresses time, place or degree,
As today, above, most tenderly;
An article is the word, a, an, or the,
Easily remembered there are but three.
The interjection is an exclamation
Expressing surprise, perhaps consternation;
Conjunction, preposition, participle each
Have a place on the list, called parts of speech.

Texas is the largest state!
  Rhode Island is so small
You could paste it on a corner
  Of most any state at all.

Said Texas to Rhode Island,
  "You saucy little scamp,
I'd really like to borrow you
  For a postage stamp."

This made Rhode Island angry,
  Now tell me, Uncle James
Was it quite nice of Texas
  To call Rhode Island names?

Christopher Columbus sailed the ocean blue,
Discovered America in fourteen ninety-two,
Ferdinand and Isabella on the throne of Spain,
Furnished him the money and ships to cross the main.
A native of Corsica, this navigator bold,
Discovered America when sixty years old.
Americus Vespucius gave the land his name,
It should have been Columbus, wasn't that a shame?

The sewing machine so common
In every household now,
Was invented 1860 by Elias Howe.
Perhaps his wife lamented
Because she had to sew
And make the children's pinafores
By hand, it was so slow.
So Elias went to work
To show his good intention
And gave the world this
Useful and much needed invention.

The pilgrims were a pious band,
They landed in a flock,
In the year sixteen-twenty,
At good old Plymouth Rock.
The Mayflower must have been
About the biggest craft afloat,
For everybody's ancestors
Came over in that boat.

Song of Oregon.

There's a land of glowing plenty on the old Pacific shore,
Where the people dwell in peace and harmony;
'Tis the land of lofty pines, 'tis the land of trailing vines,
And the snow peaks in the distance you can see.

Oregon! my heart you've fairly won,
From your hills of green the sunbeams glance and quiver,
Where the big ships come and go, and the placid waters flow
'Long the banks of the old Wilamette river.

'Tis the land of happy hours, 'tis the land of fruit and flowers,
And its hills and dales are ever dear to me,
'Tis the land of brightest promise, where no disappointment dwells
Beside the flowing river and the sea.

Oregon! my heart you've fairly won,
From your hills of green the sunbeams glance and quiver,
'Tis the fair land of the west, 'tis the home that I love best.
On the banks of the old Wilamette river.

'Tis the land of apple blossoms, 'tis the land of feath'ry ferns
And its hills surround the city of the rose,
'Tis the land of growing grain, where the farmer sees his gain,
As at evening to his happy home he goes.

Oregon! my heart you've fairly won,
From your hills of green the sunbeams glance and quiver,
There's a welcome here for you, from honest hearts and true,
On the banks of the old Wilamette river.

Birth Stones and Flowers.

January	Gem, White Onyx. Flower, Snow Drop. Color, Garnet, Brown and Black.
February	Gem, Amethyst. Flower, Primrose. Color, Blue, Pink and Nile Green.
March	Gem, the Bloodstone. Flower, the Violet. Color, Pink, White, Emerald, Black.
April	Gem, the Diamond. Flower, the Daisy. Color, White and Rose.
May	Gem, the Emerald. Flower, the Hawthorn. Color, Red and Lemon Yellow.
June	Gem, the Pearl. Flower, Honeysuckle. Color, Red, Blue and White.
July	Gem, the Ruby. Flower, the Water Lily. Color, Green and Russet Red.
August	Gem, the Moonstone. Flower, the Poppy. Color, Red and Green.

September	Gem, the Sapphire. Flower, Morning Glory. Color, Black, Gold and Blue.
October	Gem, Opal. Flower, Hops. Color, Black, Crimson and Blue.
November	Gem, the Topaz. Flower, Chrysanthemum. Color, Golden, Brown and Black.
December	Gem, Turquoise. Flower, the Holly Color, Golden, Brown and Tuscan Red

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